GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS

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Contents for Week of April 19, 1937. Vol. XVI. No. 9.

1. Austria's Paradise of the Salzkammergut
2. Topsy-Turvy Weather Reverses Winter, Spring
3. Rio De Oro: African Stronghold of the Spanish Loyalists
4. Town Crier's Bell Still Proclaims Danger, News, Commerce
5. Vermont-New Hampshire Boundary Line Is Longest Recently Adjusted

Photograph by Leo Walmsley

THE ONE-MAN BROADCASTING STATION OF ROBIN HOOD'S BAY

Despite television, radio news flashes, and rapid delivery of city newspapers, England still has an occasional town crier. With his clanging bell, a relic from a wrecked ship, this vocal bulletin board brings tidings good and bad, and often a morsel of neighborhood gossip, to the inhabitants of a quaint Yorkshire fishing village (see Bulletin No. 4).

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

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UMI

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Austria's Mountain Lake Paradise of the Salzkammergut

ARTISTS have painted its cathedral-like mountains, aquamarine lakes, and pocket-handkerchief farms. Musicians have sought out its friendly silences to compose opera scores and symphonies. Writers have found it a haven alike for rest and inspiration.

But the charms of the Salzkammergut, and even the name of this Austrian paradise, have been unknown to the world at large.

Mountains Not Too High To Climb

The region came suddenly into the news of the world, however, when last month the Duke of Windsor traded the medieval luxury of Enzesfeld Castle, near Vienna, for the pastoral simplicity of a *pension* (small hotel) near St. Wolfgang. The Duke's new quarters look out over blue St. Wolfgang See, one of the loveliest bits of water in the Salzkammergut, which resembles the English lake district with its low-hanging clouds, green mountainsides, and heavy mist (see illustration of lake, page 2).

In a communication to the National Geographic Society, Florence Polk Holding describes this newest retreat of royalty, near Salzburg:

"The Salzkammergut is a paradise of mountains and lakes—mountains that are not too high for the average climber and lakes that are not only delightful for sailing but warm enough for bathing.

Here Notables Relax

"Here in the Salzkammergut you will find Jeritza and Lotte Lehmann, fresh from their winter triumphs on the opera stage. Here in summer come many of the great conductors, such as Toscanini, Bruno Walter, Eugene Ormandy, and Rodzinski.

"Here come young composers, seeking a haven after the adulation of the capitals of Europe. Here are the Duncan dancers, and many writers, painters, lecturers. And here are a large number of average American citizens like myself, to say nothing of thousands of Germans who are not deterred by the magnificent posters in their railway stations begging them to see their own country first.

"Standing beside the Lake at Mondsee, I was reminded of Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies. The water was the same jade green. In the middle distance glistened the snowy fields of the Dachstein, distinctly suggestive of the Victoria Glacier in ~~British Columbia~~ Alberta. When I looked at the swiftly rising hills that ran back from the eastern shore like a well-brushed pompadour, I thought of St. Moritz.

Mozart Found Inspiration Here

"The Romans knew this country well and worked the ancient salt mines that give the Salzkammergut its name; the literal translation is 'Salt Crown Land.' There are many traces of the Roman occupation.

"This is the country in which the young Mozart grew up. If it is true that he found the city of Salzburg intolerable under the patronage of Archbishop Hieronymus, who made his music-director's life such a burden, how he must have warmed to these lakes and crags and blossoming fields as a refuge and escape from his irritating lord! His music is filled with the impersonal beauty of the landscape itself and reflects everywhere its serenity and stately charm.

UMI

Photograph by Helga Glassner

FROM THE WINDOW OF HIS *PENSION* THE DUKE OF WINDSOR MAY SEE SUCH CRAFT GLIDE BY

Every Sunday afternoon there is a festival in the neat little village of St. Wolfgang, latest retreat of royalty in Austria's Salzkammergut. The musicians come from the other side of the St. Wolfgang See, a lake, in a large boat, singing and playing as the oarsmen paddle slowly along (see Bulletin No. 1).

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Topsy-Turvy Weather Reverses Winter, Spring

JAPANESE cherry trees encircling the Tidal Basin in Washington, D. C., wore smudge pots for Easter. These chill chasers smoked up the budding, leafless trees and propped the temperature above the danger point, so that the capital's most famous blossoms would not get cold feet from an untimely cold snap.

For the breath of spring in Washington, as elsewhere, was a wintry blast, the last gasp of a hectic winter whose scrambled weather started with December dandelions in New York. With the first three pages of the 1937 calendar, a good yarn-spinner could make the Paul Bunyan legends of the spring that came up from China and the winter of the Big Blue Snow seem dull. Jasmine in January, heat waves in February, and winter sports in spring snows—these are some topsy-turvy features of one of the contrariest weather reverses on record.

June-in-January Thermometer Upsets Animal Kingdom

Nature's balance distributed new records for winter cold in the west and for winter mildness in the east. Mobile, Alabama, turned in a high score for January heat with 77 degrees, on January 21. Sap was running in the Vermont sugar bush on the earliest schedule remembered, in some places being boiled down to sugar by January 15. Air-conditioning in New Orleans restaurants sheltered patrons from a mid-January heat wave. Meanwhile, California beat Alaska at the low-temperature game; San Francisco on January 21 was cooler by 6 degrees than Cordova, Alaska.

Subtropical San Diego experienced a white frosting, not recognized as snow but called "soft hail," the first in the city's history. Near San Bernardino the roads had to be excavated from several feet of snow. Hollywood, accustomed to making weather to suit itself, for the first time had to install steam heat in portable dressing rooms of movie stars.

One swallow may not make a summer, but enough robins and bluebirds were reported hanging around New York to make an unusual winter. Other bewildered birds which apparently canceled their customary southward migration were the house wren, the catbird, and the phoebe. Even that less migratory fowl, the common barnyard chicken, was fooled into an early spurt of spring egg-laying, her day's production advancing 20 per cent over last year's from the very first of the year. Frogs shrilled in Connecticut marshes when January was only halfway through. January butterflies were captured in Buffalo, New York, and Washington, D. C.

Early February found the groundhog and his east coast animal colleagues too befuddled to agree on a weather prophecy. The woodchuck voted for more cold; the yellowhammer woodpecker indicated an immediate spring; seals reappeared to strengthen predictions of cold weather ahead. The result was a February so warm that one fuel company reported a 23 per cent decline in profits.

Black Blizzards, White Blizzards, and No Blizzards at All

More "early blooming" than the most optimistic seed catalogs claimed, unorthodox flowers popped up everywhere in the right place and the wrong month. January was lilac time for upstate New York, with yellow forsythia and gray pussy willow for a balanced bouquet. The same month brought daffodils and johnny-jump-ups to Massachusetts, crocuses to Connecticut, wild orchids to New Jersey. This dislocated spring weather necessitated a mid-winter oiling for lawn mowers to trim the White House lawn in Washington.

While spring fever in February filled eastern park benches, the Dust Bowl was choking with "black blizzards." Clouds of swirling dust darkened the sun in parts of Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. "If spring comes, can winter be far behind?" was a paraphrase in these parts, for the end of March found them snuggling peacefully under snow.

The same reversed conditions gave New York City's snow removal fleet of 361 plows its first real work-out after, instead of before, a preview crop of crocuses and flowering witch hazel. Meanwhile Portland, Oregon, whose steep streets prove civic confidence in the no-snow policy of the local climate, dug itself out from the heaviest snowstorm in its history, and the deepest drifts. Salt Lake City surprised itself with a rare and record snowstorm. Palmdale, accustomed to baking in the Mohave Desert, experienced feverish excitement over a temperature of 11 degrees. Snow on desert cacti furnished a new spectacle in Arizona, where snow-balls are such rare sport that the legislature at Phoenix recessed to fling a few.

Spring floods and April freshets swelled eastern rivers without warning in January. The appalling results in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys alone would make 1937 a black year on the century's calendar. As soon as sympathy and relief had been organized for these areas, the flood terror struck the New England States.

UMI

"The townspeople in the Salzkammergut are busily occupied with shops and inns, soliciting the trade of the summer residents. In the evenings they come out to the gaily covered tables set on the sidewalk, and over tankards of beer they laugh and chat with their neighbors until bedtime.

"St. Wolfgang, on St. Wolfgang See (also called Abersee), is charmingly approached by the boat which goes over from St. Gilgen, and around by Strobl. It has the most festive and gay appearance of all. The first thing you do, and you are almost compelled to do it, is to see the church and the beautiful hand-carved high altar done by Michael Pacher of Bruneck in 1481. This is St. Wolfgang's pride and joy.

Here Stands the Original White Horse Inn

"Then you stop for a bite at the Weisses Rössl Inn, now world famous because of the new musical comedy which was written around it. Under its English title, 'The White Horse Inn' has been delighting audiences in New York.

"At St. Wolfgang, if you object to climbing, you take the funicular railway to the top of the Schaf Berg, nearly 6,000 feet high. And while you are waiting you can dance the tango to very good music outside the hotel by the boat landing."

Note: See also "The Salzkammergut, A Playground of Austria," *National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1937; "Entering the Front Doors of Medieval Towns," March, 1932; and "The Danube, Highway of Races," December, 1929.

Photograph from A. S. Iddings

A DEVOUT MOUNTAIN CLIMBER PAUSES BEFORE A SHRINE

Like a stage setting is the background of forest-clad mountains, sparkling blue lakes, and quaint monasteries and villages to be found everywhere in the Salzkammergut. This church, with its roof-sheltered murals, overlooks Hallstatter See, which lies pocketed in the hills southeast of St. Wolfgang See.

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Rio De Oro: African Stronghold of the Spanish Loyalists

ALTHOUGH Spanish Rebels started their campaign in northern Africa, the largest of Spain's African possessions, Rio de Oro, has been reported loyal to the government forces. This strip on the northwest coast of Africa is half as large as Spain itself, and for the past decade it has had increasing importance as an air base. It lies directly on the shortest air route between Europe and South America.

Rio de Oro's name means "River of Gold." The country, however, is signally lacking in both rivers and gold.

When Portuguese mariners explored the coast of the colony about a half-century before America was discovered, they sailed into a deep bay where they met natives with a small quantity of gold dust. The Portuguese thought their anchorage was the mouth of a great river which connected with the Nile and that gold was plentiful along its banks.

Few Rivers and Less Gold

As a matter of fact, Rio de Oro has only one river of any importance—the Saquiet el Hamra. The mineral value of the colony is figured mainly in terms of its nitrate of soda deposits, for there are no known gold or other mineral resources besides soda.

Lack of water is one of the chief reasons why Rio de Oro has shown little development in the nearly five centuries that it has been under European flags—either Portuguese or Spanish. Oases and groups of wells infrequently stud the interior, which is largely an arid, sunswept land of sand and pebbles.

Along the coastal lowlands a few natives eke out a bare existence with small farms and by tending small herds. Back on the dry Tiris plateau, which is an extension of the Sahara plateau, even stunted trees and feeble bushes have difficulty in waging a fight for life against the elements. Within the colony's borders are many salt depressions where no vegetation can live.

Capital Has Less Than 1,100 Inhabitants

Although the colony spreads over an area slightly greater than that of the State of Michigan, it has no cities. Some historians assert that after Rio de Oro came under the rule of Spain in the 16th century, the interest of Spaniards in newfound American colonies caused the African colony to become an almost forgotten land, and thus it got off to a bad start.

There are many villages hugging the Rio de Oro coast, and throughout the colony a few small settlements have been established. Villa Cisneros, the capital, is the largest and leading town. It has less than 1,100 inhabitants, over half of whom are Moslem natives. Their huts are clustered in the shadow of the town's citadel walls (see illustration, next page).

To build cities in Rio de Oro would be a difficult problem, even under better climatic conditions, for most of its inhabitants are nomads who follow caravans on mere paths that traverse the colony.

The caravan paths are the main communication arteries, for there are no roads. There are few places for automobiles to go, so one is seldom seen in the colony. But Villa Cisneros has an air field, and the drone of airplanes en route to and from South America is often heard above coastal settlements.

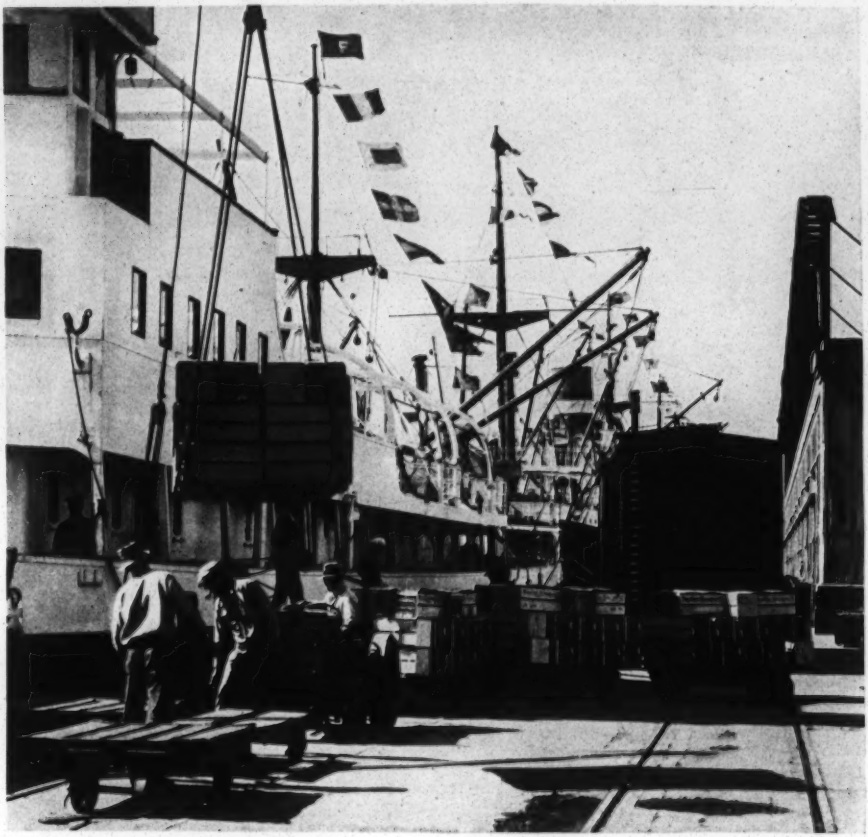
UMI

In addition to flood disasters, this eccentric winter played havoc with some businesses. Ski trains were canceled. Winter sports resorts suffered from empty inns and snowless landscapes. Fruit crops were damaged, with southwestern freezes and southeastern heat waves attacking delicate buds. But Mark Twain didn't know the half of it when he said, "Everybody talks about the weather, while nobody does anything about it."

When blossom time seemed about to burst upon the Georgia peach belt in January, ice wagons came to the orchards' rescue. Blocks of ice were piled around tree roots to slow the sap down. At the same time, California groves of oranges, lemons, grapefruit, and avocados were encircled with oil-burning smudge pots as partial protection against one of the longest freezes in the State's history. In some groves, propeller-shaped fans mounted on steel towers 60 feet high were installed to blow warm air groundward and cold air out of the aisles of trees.

Note: New views of the cherished cherry blossoms will appear in an article on Washington, D. C., in the *National Geographic Magazine* for June, 1937. The same issue will carry a story of the Ohio-Mississippi floods, most tragic of 1937's weather phenomena. The citrus fruit area of California, where the weather was combatted most vigorously, is described in "Southern California at Work," November, 1934.

Bulletin No. 2, April 19, 1937.



Photograph from California Fruit Growers Exchange

LOS ANGELES SHIPPING CARRIES ON AFTER THAT HARD WINTER

A distribution point for the southern California citrus industry, Los Angeles joined the region's tense efforts to save orange, lemon, and grapefruit trees from severe January frosts. Smoke from a million smudge pots in neighboring fruit ranches hung over the city, and sunlight penetrated the smoky twilight only in the afternoon. Traffic moved carefully through the haze. Trucks delivering oil for the intensive smudging were given right of way. Crates of citrus fruits are here shown being loaded, a truck load at a time, for export.

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Town Crier's Bell Still Proclaims Danger, News, Commerce

IN HADDENHAM village, eastern England, the rôle of a Paul Revere was recently played by the town crier. He ran through the streets ringing his bell. Waters of the Ouse River were rising as a result of heavy rains which overflowed many English rivers, even the famous Thames, and all men were hastily called to the river banks.

Town criers have long served the place of newspapers in many remote settlements of the world. If a villager wishes to advertise the loss of a pig, the need for farm help, or the sale of fresh fish, it has been customary to hire this bell-ringing hawker. To hear the latest news of domestic or foreign events, an audience always gathers within earshot of the booming-voiced town crier.

Among thousands of Englishwomen who assumed men's work during the World War, one took her father's place as the town crier of Thetford. Robin Hood's Bay, on the headlands of Yorkshire, has its crier even today (see illustration, cover).

Drums and Horns, as Well as Bells, Associated with Criers

Many early American towns continued this European custom, but the one-man palladium has not been able to compete with radio and high-speed newspaper presses. In Provincetown, Massachusetts, down on the tip of salty Cape Cod, this custom dating from Puritan days was revived two years ago.

The crier of French villages is called *tambour,* the French word for drum. This official is met much more often in the French countryside than in England. Wearing a cap and a leather strap as badges of office, he may even announce current events at nearby cross roads. He frequently combines his newsmongering and advertising duties with the rôle of bell-ringer in the village church.

On Sunday after church services is an ideal time for the crier in the village of Mezökövesd, not far from Budapest, Hungary (see illustration, next page). Two gendarmes take their places on opposite sides of the large square in front of the church and begin to beat a vigorous tattoo on their drums. From the church the people gather in two crowds about these officials who draw forth important-looking documents and begin their reading. A cow was lost on Tuesday; if anyone has found her let him report to the town headquarters. There is a long list of farms to rent and sell, plows to rent, servants to hire. Any national news of importance is told; new laws are read.

Crier Is an Actor

Mannerisms of the stage are part of the crier's stock in trade. He imparts dignity to his calling by various methods—standing immobile with hands thrust deep into his pockets, awaiting silence among his hearers. A frown of importance may cross his forehead; an impatient gesture is achieved by placing his hands on his hips as he surveys the audience, whose curiosity places it quite at his mercy. Not until he is satisfied that the assemblage is sufficiently impressed with his high office does he begin to deliver his message.

The crier in the Spanish town of Puigcerda announced the presentation of a motion picture. His display of emotion was perhaps more dramatic than the picture itself. His voice soared until it reached an oratorical climax, and then dropped

UMI

Rio de Oro's affairs are administered by the governor of the Canary Islands, which lie northwest of the colony. Communications between the islands and the colony now are regular, but until recent years carrier pigeons were relied upon by the government.

The improvements that have been made in Rio de Oro probably are due largely to Spain's ownership of the Canaries and the fisheries that lie between the islands and the colony. These fisheries have been ranked with the best in the world. Fishing is the colony's leading industry.

Note: See also "Flying Around the North Atlantic," from *National Geographic Magazine*, September, 1934; and "Flights from Arctic to Equator," April, 1932.

Bulletin No. 3, April 19, 1937.

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BANGS FOR BOYS ARE POPULAR IN VILLA CISNEROS

Most of the boys have their heads shaved, except for the visorlike forelock. Only 500 of the town's inhabitants are Europeans. Many of the others are, like this lad, nomads from the Spanish Sahara. But like children elsewhere, he doesn't want to be separated from his dog.

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Vermont-New Hampshire Boundary Line Is Longest Recently Adjusted

IN 1912 Vermont and New Hampshire decided to ask the United States Supreme Court where one begins and the other ends. Now they know.

Finally approved in February was Special Commissioner Gannett's report on the 238-mile boundary line, which follows the meanderings of the Connecticut River between the two States. Actually, 206 miles of reference line were surveyed, from which the whole boundary was marked beyond a shadow of doubt or question.

This is the last word in a boundary squabble which has caused bloodshed, engineered a refusal to admit the free republic of Vermont to the United States until 1791, and inspired Vermont's flirtation with a Canadian union. It even involved efforts to split off a separate state between Vermont and New Hampshire.

Ten Dams on the Boundary Line

The newly-approved boundary apparently changes no one's post office address, transfers not a single mile-square parcel of ground, and will mean no changes in maps on an ordinary scale. The Connecticut River's west bank has in recent years been the accepted boundary, and the new line simply marks off the west bank's original low water mark before dams were built to alter the river's flow.

The result has been to allot Vermont a few more bucketfuls of river in one spot, several tubfuls more to New Hampshire in another. It may now be known at which ripple Vermont governs trout fishing and where New Hampshire game laws apply.

The true basis for a boundary dispute this late in history is the problem of bridges and taxation. It is a question as to which State shall get the taxes on riverside lumber, paper, and pulp mills, and the hydroelectric plants whose power lines carry electricity throughout much of New England. Vermont is awarded a new island or so and some new exclusive tax clients. New Hampshire wins the privilege of maintaining most of the bridges.

The Connecticut is well-behaved. Except for several cut-offs, it would hardly have worn out the boundary line if left to itself. Its rocky route, twisted and slow, has changed little since a lively logging industry filled it with rafts of timber from low, wooded mountains on both sides. Now logs must come down to the pulp mills by truck or rail, for the river is blocked by ten power dams in its 200-mile career as a boundary. Because the height of the river is now almost completely controlled by these dams, the natural low water mark was lost and had to be fished for. To establish it, a survey of the river had to be supplemented by old maps and blue prints.

Seven Disputes Settled Since 1920

Accuracy of this survey was guaranteed by starlight. Early American surveyors worked with the compass, which varies often over short periods of time. This survey was checked every three or four miles by reference to the North Star. With transit, surveying rods, and chains, a single commissioner and his field party of engineers settled a boundary which had baffled three commissions before 1792 and had caused bitter fighting and bloodshed.

Since the actual line between Vermont and New Hampshire is usually submerged, it was not practical to mark it with monuments on the spot. It is indicated

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to low and thrilling tones as he dwelt upon the pathos of the marvelous film. Hearers fairly hung on his words.

Nearby, at Seo de Urgel, the Spanish diocese town of the tiny state of Andorra atop the Pyrenees, the town crier gathers an audience by blowing on his trumpet.

"Watermelons for sale at the first house south of the church," shouts the crier, in a small mountain village on the Island of Sardinia. He attracts a crowd by blowing a shrill blast on a brass horn.

Note: Additional illustrations and references about town criers may be found in "Where Bible Characters Live Again," *National Geographic Magazine*, December, 1935; "A Sunday in Mezökövesd," April, 1935; "Andorra—Mountain Museum of Feudal Europe," October, 1933; "Between the Heather and the North Sea," February, 1933; "The Island of Sardinia and Its People," January, 1923; "How Canada Went to the Front," October, 1918; and "A Unique Republic, Where Smuggling Is an Industry" (Andorra), March, 1918.

Bulletin No. 4, April 19, 1937.

Photograph from Margery Rae

DRUM BEATS DRAW AN AUDIENCE IN HUNGARY

The town crier of Mezökövesd, east of Budapest, has his "big moment" on Sunday, after church service. Drawing forth important-looking documents, he declaims the village news in a loud voice, adding items of national importance and reading new laws.

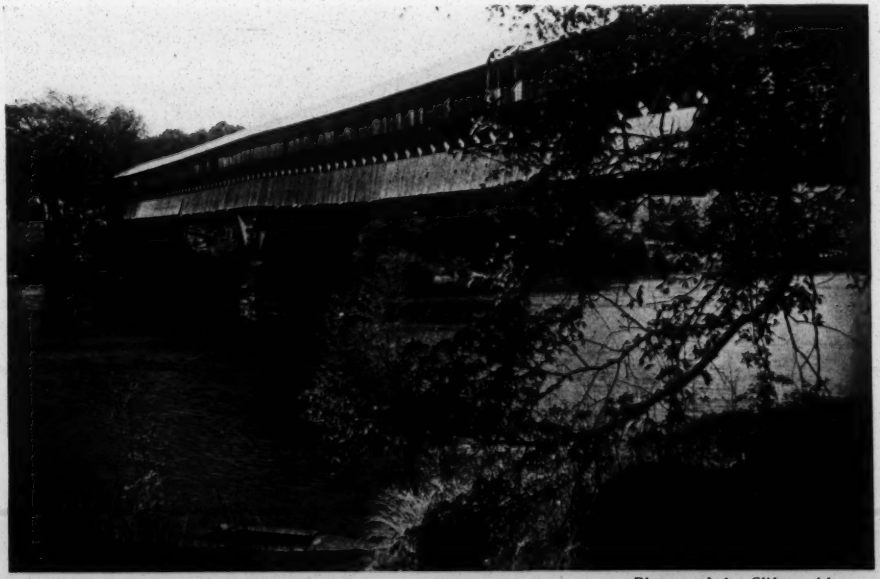
by 91 reference markers, bronze plates on granite shafts planted five feet deep to defeat the New England frost. Located at the riverside, in front yards, or usually beside the highway, they tell how many feet away in which direction the actual boundary lies.

The Vermont-New Hampshire boundary is the longest and possibly the longest-disputed to be marked in recent years. Since 1920, six other disputes over State lines have been settled by the Supreme Court and Special Commissioner Gannett. Arkansas had lines drawn for about ten miles each along the Tennessee and the Mississippi boundaries. A Minnesota-Wisconsin limit was fixed for about 17 miles, all of it surveyed in winter on the ice around Duluth. The capricious Mississippi necessitated a new survey between Louisiana and Mississippi, transferring about 12 square miles.

Texas has also had some boundary doctoring. A new line between the Lone Star State and Oklahoma was run for 134 miles along the 100th meridian. It is one of the straightest, truest surveys on record, and 45 square miles of Oklahoma was pared off. On the Texas-New Mexico boundary was run a line so crooked that five monuments per mile are necessary to keep it from getting lost in its own curlicues. Part of the line between Colorado and New Mexico is still unmarked, and uncertainty exists over bits of the Texas-Arkansas and the Virginia-District of Columbia boundaries. Otherwise, State lines in the United States are pretty definite.

Note: The two States whose boundaries have just been adjusted are described in "New Hampshire, the Granite State," in the *National Geographic Magazine* for September, 1931, and "Green Mountain State" (Vermont), March, 1927. An article on New Hampshire's White Mountain recreational area has been scheduled for July, 1937.

Bulletin No. 5, April 19, 1937.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

A BRIDGE LINK WITH THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY'S PAST

The latticed and covered bridge which spanned the Connecticut between Norwich, Vermont, and Hanover, New Hampshire, from 1859 until a couple of years ago has been replaced by an open concrete structure. The vanished veteran recalled days when wood was more plentiful than any other building material. Its name preserved memories of the Dartmouth freshman, John Ledyard, who set sail in 1772, accompanied Capt. Cook on his third voyage, and published the only eye-witness account of the navigator's death.